THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

of

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

A LECTURE RECITAL

RECUERDOS DE ESPAÑA

Part One

by

Alexandra Munn, pianist
assisted by Jacqueline Preuss, soprano

Sunday, December 8, 1974, at 2:30 p.m.
Room 1-23, Fine Arts Building

music by Joaquin Turina (1882-1949)

EL FARO DE CÀDIZ (SILHOUETTES, OP. 70)

TOCATA Y FUGA (CIELO PIANÍSTICO)

DANZAS GITANES, OP. 55
(First book)

- Zambra
- Danza de la Seduccion
- Danza ritual
- Generalife
- Sacro-monte

CANTO A SEVILLA (poems by Jose Muñoz San Roman)

- Preludio
- Semana Santa
- Las Fuentecitas del Parque
- Noche de Feria
- El Fantasma
- La Giralda
- Ofrenda

The remaining lecture-recitals in this series will be presented by Professor Munn on Sunday, February 23, 1975, at 2:30 p.m. in Fine Arts Room 1-23 (assisted by Ernesto Lejano, pianist); and Sunday, March 23, 1975, at 2:30 p.m., also in Fine Arts Room 1-23 (assisted by Jacqueline Preuss, soprano).

CANTO A SEVILLA

(Song to Seville)

Seville

Seville, flower of passion
In the gardens of Heaven:
Seville, voices of longing
In blessedly fertile lands.

Her Guadalquivir river
Both smile and garland,
Is singing her songs
To the sea, in an immortal rhythm.

Her light, which blinds, gleams
In waves of dawn (whiteness)
And is already a sea of flashes of lightning
Or an ocean of suns.

Her exquisitely elegant Giralda
Made of lace and dream,
Seems as though it were of flesh and bone
Pink and carmine, of one heart.

And her dark-complectioned women
Are in their charms, in the end,
Like daughters of the Graces,
And like April muses.

The bright lights of her sky
Are the glances of God himself
Who in their beauty delights
Lights of Eden and paradise.

In her gardens the spring
Miracles, are wonders:
In her rose trees, are the roses
Like divine thoughts.

And in the chattering of her women
There are musical harmonies,
As if love would compose
With sweet kisses his poetry.

Preludio
(sung)

The Town Crier's Announcement

The town crier's announcement is like a
Flower of ingenuity in the lips,
And goes in the wings of the wind
Like warbling of birds.
Through the narrow little street
All seems a miracle
Of harmonies and gracefulness,
Of witticisms and charms.
From the people's soul has
The frank laughter and weeping,
And is the crier's announcement for the town
Like the saying of a charm.
Thus sings the one who announces
The flowers, with the basket under his arm:
"For the ladies
I bring carnations
As red as the heart...
I bring wallflowers and marigolds,
And I carry flowers of passion.
In my arm I carry
A whole garden
Green basil,
White jasmine.
The beautiful orange blossoms,
Big roses, dwarf roses, moonworts
And the larkspurs.
To the pinks,
To the Madonna lilies,
To the white spikenards
And the honeysuckle;
To the white bell flowers
Like little dots in the blue sky,
Like the eyes of the girl I love,
Who is spring,
And youthfulness...
Make a wish ladies:
I have flowers
Of all colours."

Semana Santa
(sung)

April's Fair

April's Fair: Spring,
Poetry everywhere
And everywhere happines
From Seville, in Spring,
Abundance in the Real
--Cattle and more cattle--
Next to the cow, the calf,
And among untamed ponies
The Easter young lamb
Brilliance and little bells;
Like flames and carnations
--Burning hearts--
Mantillas and trimmings
Among the blond laces pinned.
In the exhibition stand, where labours
The hand in a little time,
Song is all word
Inspirer of love.
Wine kindles love.
And kindles fantasy,
And, from the narrow glass of wine to the glow
Shines happiness even more.
Songs, guitars and love
Among exotic dances;
Laughter, envy and jealousy...
And the Sevillian girls and flowers
Of the heavenly gardens
Which God plants in the skies (or heavens).
Bullfights: golden colours/
Of the bull-ring in the sand;
In the bull's blood
Fire, and in the play with the cape
Of the bullfighters, treasure
Of elegance and gallantry...
Bullfights: golden colours/
Fire, blood and happiness.

Las fuentecitas del Parque
(sung)

continued on overleaf

Night of Seville

Seville's night,
Magic and fragrant...
In the sky shines
The bewitched moon.
The narrow streets
Smell like fragrance
From Moorish spikenards,
And Christian roses.
Mystery hangs abour
By the crossroad,
To the jealous love
And the pirate/illicit/love,
And in the lonely places,
The magic guitar
Moans, through the fingers
Of an afflicted soul.
"Night of my undoing:
The sky was all moon
And the ground all flower."
The girl who strives
Behind the window
To captivate him,
To love that passes,
Which has in the eyes
The lights of dawn
And has knives
In sweet glances.
The dark-complectioned girl
With the charm of a gypsy
Entrusts to the wind
Her bitter doubts:
"Castles in the air...
Love which worked them
Went away, and nobody wants them."
The Triana lad
Who appears from behind branches.
Lover of the prettiest
Of the country girls,
Before a little balcony
Of worked gratings,
Like his horse
His impetuosity stops
Singing this song
Simple and gay:
"The Seville gardens
Have the spirit of a woman,
Perfume like that of the macarena
Which smells like spikenards and carnations."

Noche de Feria
(sung)

The Santa Cruz District

The Santa Cruz quartet
Smells like lemon trees;
Murmur of flowing water
Of serene springs;
Loves which burn
In the fire of jealousy;
Brightness in the day
Like that of flames of a great fire,
And in the night, moonlight
Silvery light of dark eyes,
Through the old streets wander,
In the wings of silence
Like a sad soul in pain,
Spirits of other times:
Of Jews and Moors,
Of the Padilla girl and Don Pedro,
And the rumour of the water has
An echo of fencing swords,
In the gratings of their houses
The words are secrets,
And in the lips of the lovers
Conjurations and magical spells,
Love which hangs about
It is not just a desire, it 's a dream,
And life in a bewitched world.
Oh, Santa Cruz district,
All Love, magic spell and mystery.

El Fantasma
(sung)

The Grating

Filigree of wrought-iron which chisels forged
With the supreme magic of an ideal artist
It's the grating in which burn, like flames, carnations
And where the secret of immortal love is kept.
Open field to the struggle between two hearts
Which would each other with glances like sharp knives
Under the moonlight or among the storm clouds
Of fiery tempests of jealousy unleashed.
Oh grating, which hides the green lattice!
The mysterious night of loneliness made,
And subtle curtains of blooming rose-trees...
Is your blooming setting, alter of the happiness,
An quiver where keep his more accurate arrow,
To would hearts, the advantageous love.

La Giralda
(sung)